

A
M O N O D Y,

On the DEATH of
His ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERIC-LOUIS
PRINCE of WALES.

*Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque, Silvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores.*

VIRG.

Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.

HOR.

Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.

CATUL.

D U B L I N:

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A
M O N O D Y,

To the MEMORY of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

T H E

P R I N C E of W A L E S.

I.
T Rembling with palsey terror as she sings,
How shall the MUSE awake the DORIC strings?
Teach me, thou heav'n-directed bard!
Those sweet, heart-touching, tender strains,
That, from thy conjugal regard,
Were chaunted sad through HAGLEY'S plains.
I ask not for the bright AÖNIAN flame;
Nor court the MUSES from their THESPIAN shade:
No PETRARCH'S lyre invoke, to grace the theme;
A theme so melancholy to be read,
So pitiful, it must our gushing sorrows claim.

II.

BRITANNIA from the servile ROMAN yoke,
 And idol reign of SAXON gods had broke :
 The DANISH RAVEN * fell innoxious down,
 And the bold Norman wreath'd his brow with HAROLD's
 Crown.

Almost three centuries were run,
 While bleeding ENGLAND lay oppress'd ;
 Nor GALLIC perfidy could shun,
 Or from invidious Scots had rest :
 Then royal EDWARD, in his youthful prime,
 Like a young lyon rag'd thro' CRESSY's field ;
 With GLORY by his side, he tow'r'd sublime ;
 Gaining new † honours to adorn his shield.
 From such a godlike prince, what happier days
 Did ENGLAND fondly hope to share ?
 But, ah ! his inauspicious star
 Sunk him too prematurely in the grave ;
 Did all the sadden'd land bereave
 Of every princely glory, ev'ry martial praise.

III.

A long succession roll'd away,
 E'er STEUART HENRY, § with the ray
 Of dawning glory, chear'd the drooping isle :
 Then did each VIRTUE smile ;
 Each nobler SCIENCE was advanc'd ;

The

* The ensign of the Pagan Danes.

† *Edward the black prince*, eldest son of *Edward III.* after the battle of *Cressy*, bore the arms of his *bohemia*n majesty, who perished in that engagement among the *French*, in the year 1346.

§ The eldest son of *James I.* who died, at eighteen years of age, of a reputed fever ; but as this valuable prince was the darling of the people, it is rather conjectured that he was poisoned by the villainy of *Car*, earl of *Somerset*.

The MUSES warbled, and the GRACES danc'd.
 But, while expanded in the vernal hour,
 Alas! DEATH cropt this blooming flow'r;
 All pale, and cold, he lies;
 In him another young MARCELLUS * dies.
 Too fatal stroke! for FREEDOM felt the blow,
 While RALEIGH's sacred blood was basely shed:
 Then BRITAIN, sighing, droop'd her pensive head,
 Though wild ambition scorn'd her virtuous woe.

IV.

To dark oblivion, MUSE, the rest consign:
 No more let BRITISH annals tell,
 How CHARLES or JAMES, from empire fell:
 In ANNA's glorious name
 Absorb'd be their misfortunes, and polluted fame.
 While on their golden lyres, let all the NINE
 Congratulate the monarch home,
 Sprung from ELIZA's † royal womb,
 The fair descendant of the STEUART line.
 Stop, MUSES, stop the tuneful lay,
 That bright auspicious day
 Is darken'd by a deep incumbent cloud of grief.
 To him for whom your chorus rose,
 Alas! to him, this tribute flows:

The

* The adopted heir of *Augustus Cæsar*, died of a hectic fever at the age of 19.

† The princess *Elizabeth*, the only surviving daughter of *James I.* married *Frederick 5th Elector Palatine*, and king of *Bohemia*, by whom he had the princess *Sophia*, who was married to *Ernest Augustus*, elector of *Hanover*, by whom she had issue his late majesty *K. George I.*

The banish'd ARTS are scatter'd o'er the plains;
 Weeping, among the sorrow-stricken swains :
 Beneath some solitary haw-thorn, now,
 Each son of PHOEBUS droops his head ;
 The ATTIC numbers all are fled ;
 While the scorn'd pipe hangs silent on the bough.
 Ah ! great FREDERIC is dead,
 And pale BRITANNIA cries, "*who now can bring relief ?*"

V.

This prince, the pride of human kind,
 To no one vice or passion blind,
 On VIRTUE's solid base so radiant trod,
 That GREECE or ROME had hail'd him for a god ;
 But we the rising monarch view'd,
 The patriot prince, the noble man ;
 Majestically great and good ;
 Above ambition's sordid plan ;
 Above the trophies of triumphal cars,
 Imperial avarice, or pomp of wars.
 For him EUNOMIE's sister train,
 Wing'd silken hours around his sacred head :
 For him AGLAIA trod the plain,
 And, with her virgin partners, dancing led
 Their fav'rite to the rural bow'r ;
 Along the stream, or thro' the mead,
 Where calm-ey'd PEACE, and fresh-bloom'd HEALTH
 were laid,
 In all their happy tender pow'r,
 CONTENT behind, and jocund MIRTH before.

Where

VI.

Where shall the MUSE begin his praise,
 Or tell where did his virtues end?
 Angels to that celestial harps should lend;
 And these were num'rous as the rays,
 Unblemish'd as the blaze,
 That on the lunar queen from pole to pole attend.
 What filial duty, what fraternal love,
 Sprung from his soul, and warm'd his heart?
 How did his country ev'ry passion move?
 How grac'd he FREEDOM, and DESERT?
 For LIBERTY was his selected friend,
 And in his princely care,
 Each MUSE, each ART,
 Bore so sublime a part,
 He, like VESPASIAN,* nothing for himself could spare,
 Nor was thy glory, APRIAN, half so fair.

VII.

In that diviner hour,
 When fair † AUGUSTA grac'd the BRITISH shore;
 Safe wafted o'er the main
 By DORIS and her fifty green-hair'd train;
 When HYMEN's torch was kindled at her eyes,
 What peals of joy wide-floated through the skies?
 Round

* The emperor *Vespasian* declared to his physicians, a few moments before his death, "that a monarch should die standing up-right;" and the emperor *Adrian* afterwards adopted the same expression.

† *Augusta* princess of *Wales*, sister to *Frederic III.* the reigning duke of *Saxe Gotha*, born on the 19th of *Nov.* 1719, and married to his royal highness on the 27th of *April* 1736.

Round the gay bridegroom's heart what tides of glory
run,

Exulting in his royal bride ?

Who left for him GERMANIA's distant sun,
And many a prince who at her feet had sigh'd ;
For her great soul disdain'd to be ally'd

To northern slavery, though deck'd in ermine pride.

Their joys were such as ADAM knew,
When EVE came *blushing to the nuptial bow'r*,
Where new creation hymn'd the sacred hour,
And angels round the bridal flew :
O'er all the consecrated scene,
Shone love celestial, bliss serene.

VIII.

Pure as the flood of æther were their loves,
Chaste as the icy-pearl on DIAN's fane ;
True constancy it might have taught the doves,
Parental fondness to the pelican.

Their hearts, like streams incorporated spread ;
Lost in each other, on each other fed.

AFFLICTION's leaden mace,
Cemented their embrace ;

On them though seldom could his pow'r intrude,
Or in the glare of courts, or calm of solitude.

Their wills, one faith, one reason, did direct ;
Their hearts, their wishes, only did affect

Their mutual pleasures to improve ;

Not airy pleasures wildly grown,

But such as VIRTUE's self might own,

Such as would grace a vestal love.

He, fond as mothers of their pregnant hope,
Caress'd her with a tender grace :

Not

Not ev'n FAVONIUS, in his breezy scope,
 Was suffer'd to approach her face :
 He was the fountain of her bliss and life ;
 The most indulgent husband ; she the happiest wife.
 Life's comforts through the track of time to come,
 Each scheme to double joy, or lessen grief,
 With rich frugality collected home,
 He fram'd for hers, and she for his relief :
 So fix'd their hearts upon each other's good,
 Their own, like CATO's, least was understood.

IX.

Blest, in their smiling progeny, they saw
 A BRITISH race illustrious rise,
 To keep the tyrants of the world in awe,
 And lure fair FREEDOM to her native skies :
 They saw another GEORGE for empire born ;
 Another EDWARD, HENRY, WILLIAM, bloom divine,
 To crush the insolent BOURBONIAN line,
 To trample the proud LILLIES down,
 Assert great *EDWARD's title to the GALLIC crown,
 And, like thy brothers † Monmouth, ENGLAND's heir
 adorn :

They saw a young AUGUSTA beam
 Imperial splendour from her eyes ;
 Beauty that must some royal heart inflame,
 Some future hero ripen into fame ;
 While prostrate monarchs, offering up their sighs,
 Fall, at her feet, to love a sacrifice.

B

Happy

* *Edward III.* the first *English* monarch who assumed the title of king of *France*, and quartered the arms of that kingdom with his own ; adding the motto *Dieu et mon droit*.

† *Henry V.*

Happy in their blooming heirs,
Each filial, each parental bliss was theirs.

X.

Superior to the glare of erring pride,
How inoffensive did their Moments glide ?
From pageant pomp withdrawn,
They sought the grove or lawn,
In CLIEFDEN's ever-pleasing shades,
Or RICHMOND's sweet sequester'd glades :
Or in their own created bow'rs of Kew,
HEALTH, and TRANQUILITY, they knew.
Oft' on the flow'ry margin of the THAMES,
On sedge-crown'd COLNE's, or WEY's contracted
Together fondly would they rove, [streams,
Accompany'd by none, save HALLOW'D LOVE.
There they delighted stray'd,
Or wander'd o'er the field and mead,
The various product of the year to view.
For them fair FLORA deck'd the verdant soil
With many a pink'd and daisy'd smile :
PAN did, for them, the pipe of HERMES blow :
For them POMONA bent the branching bough
Thick with autumnal fruit :
CERES, for this illustrious pair,
Did all her honours shoot,
Did all her golden harvest bear.
The DRYADS of the woods,
The NAÏADS of the floods,
Danc'd by them through the grove, or o'er the wave :
From his coral-fretted cave,
Oozy THAMES would oft' ascend ;
Proud to attend

The

A M O N O D Y.

11

The gay-deck'd ASIATIC * barge ;
Proud of the royal charge
Which his smooth'd bosom did with joy receive.

XI.

Whate'er frequented seat
Was their delightful calm retreat ;
Thither, not uninvited, came
The MUSES, warbling as they flew ;
There their silver lyres were strung,
There their sweetest lays were sung ;
With meek SIMPLICITY in view,
Or VIRTUE's awful theme :
While MILTON's solemn song was often heard ;
And thy sweet numbers, tuneful POPE, were read :
Nor, THOMSON, was thy strain in vain preferr'd ;
Pluck'd from the laurel grove,
For thee, each MUSE a chaplet wove ;
With the fair wreath thy prince adorn'd thy head ;
He lov'd thee living, and he mourn'd thee dead.

XII.

High in the noon of glory, joy, and life,
Blest with the sweetest offspring, and the worthiest wife,
Crown'd with a nation's grateful pray'r
To fix him in the regal sphere,
When death his father's honours should invade ;
Who did not envy his exalted state ?
Ah, FREDERIC ! who did not bless thy gracious mate?
Too

* Alluding to a barge adorned after the *Chinese* manner, belonging to his royal highness.

Too seldom can we see
 Such unexampled scenes of love ;
 Or trace " SUCH RARE FELICITY,"
 Down from the palace to the cottage grove,
 Though PEACE and INNOCENCE had there a refuge made,
 In this all-pleasing ray
 Of life's serenest day,
 How are our hopes, our wishes cross'd ?
 Exterminated all and lost ;
 Sunk in the worm-throng'd grave.
 Weep, ye distinguish'd wise and brave ;
 Ye sons of FREEDOM drop the heart-sprung tear ;
 AFFLICTION's children pay your tribute here ;
 BRITANNIA here thy sorrows shed,
 Thy glory fades, great FREDERIC is dead !

XIII.

Wrapt in a livid cloud of flame,
 Some horrid-frowning DÆMON came
 From the HESPERIAN soil,
 Where SUPERSTITION waves her fiery brand,
 And cowl-capp'd IGNORANCE defiles the land :
 He came to breathe contagion round the BRITISH isle ;
 His pestilential airs to spread,
 And strike the MUSE's patron dead.
 The sudden torments that unstring the heart,
 Each pang of crucifying pain,
 He ponder'd ; and, with cruel art,
 Explor'd PLURESIA's solitary reign.
 Where LOCRINE's daughter smooths her sandy bed,
 The haggard fiend malicious fled,
 But could not find her on the herbag'd bank :
 Nor where flow DEVA, through the meadows dank,
 Her

Her rusby-platted tresses rears:
 Nor where the silver VAGA flows:
 Nor yet where AVON, through her willow-rows,
 For SHAKESPEAR'S urn, collects the MUSE'S tears.
 Though to the fenny-marled TRENT,
 Or OUSE'S purer wave his flight was bent,
 And where capacious HUMBER takes its name,
 All ineffectually he flies:
 In vain each desolated scene descries,
 Or on the banks of ISIS, CAM, or THAME,
 At last, the baleful den was found,
 Near MEDWAY'S lucid stream,
 Where KENTISH bogs the dreary waste surround.

XIV.

The DÆMON thus addrest the fallow queen:
 " Commission'd from the legendary reign
 " Of SLAVERY and SUPERSTITION, lo! I come,
 " A suppliant with a votive pray'r;
 " Thee to inspirit with a rage
 " Adapted to the destin'd age,
 " That threats subversion to declining ROME.
 " The BRITISH prince by * ELEUTHERIA crown'd,
 " He, who the HELICONIAN throng surround,
 " Dispels the RUNIC cloud,
 " And to the world proclaims aloud
 " The slighted ARTS are his peculiar care.
 " Goddess! shall it be?
 " Shall BRITONS ever see
 " Their

* The goddess of liberty among the Grecians.

" Their island, with indignant pride,
 " Scorn the inferior world beside ?
 " No! blast their proud, audacious, vain desires ;
 " Perish their glory, sink their name ;
 " Extinguish'd be their FRED'RIC's fame :
 " While FREEDOM at her patron's feet expires.
 " Then shall the MUSES to ITALIA's coast return,
 " There weep o'er RAPHAEL's tomb, or VIDA's urn,
 " While sable clouds of GOTHIC night,
 " Again shall other lands affright ;
 " Where DULLNESS LEONINE,
 " Shall damp each heav'nly spark of poesy divine."

XV.

Rouz'd from her moss-surrounded bed,
 PLEURESIA wildly rear'd her meagre head,
 And cry'd, " the fatal task be done."
 Her noxious vial then she took,
 Her venom-tainted lance she shook ;
 Then, in her NEMESIAN car,
 Sails along the sick'ning air,
 And dims the lustre of the noon-day sun :
 Her swift-wing'd dragons, o'er the royal dome,
 Their flight suspended ; ev'ry room
 A sudden darkness felt,
 The blue-pal'd tapers melt,
 Where'er her eyes inhospitable beam :
 As she approach'd the princely bed,

Away

Away BRITANNIA's genius flew ;
 The tutelary angel droop'd his head ;
 And royal FRED'RIC all her pungent tortures knew.

XVI.

Inflam'd and languid on the bed of pain,
 Sharp anguish rushing to his brain,
 Who now would envy his exalted state ?
 Too fatal proof, how insecure, and vain,
 Is royalty's impurpled train ;
 How transient are the privileges of the great !
 Is there no HIPPOCRATIC sage, to save
 This great prince from the common grave ?
 What, must he perish like the mine-hid slave ?
 Where were ye, MUSES, in that melancholy hour,
 When death rapacious tore
 His royal heart asunder ? for I ween,
 You trod not then the hallow'd groves of HIPPOCRENE ;
 Nor on the BIBLIAN mountains did you stray ;
 Nor where old HESIOD tun'd his lay,
 In ASCRA's chearless shade :
 Nor at PERMESSUS' fountain were ye met ;
 Or round the sacred spring of OLMIVS set.
 Oh ! daughters of immortal JOVE,
 Where do you idly rove,
 While all your new-cropt laurels fade ?
 Did it exceed the ÆSCULAPIAN art,
 To turn aside the mortal dart ?
 PHOEBUS, could thy prolific pow'r,
 Rear no medicinal flow'r ;
 No drug of sov'reign use,
 No herb's reviving juice,

To

To stay the fatal sheers by CLOTHO held?
 Was there no * MUSA to restore
 This prince, who his OCTAVIUS far excell'd?
 Ah! no; for FREDERIC THE LOV'D is now no more.

XVII.

In life's resplendent bloom,
 With ev'ry pleasure love could ever know,
 With ev'ry blifs that empire could bestow,
 With ev'ry pledge of nuptial honour blest,
 With ev'ry hope that sooths the fond paternal breast,
 Great FREDERIC explores the dreary tomb.
 How melancholy was the scene,
 When his fair consort, and her infant train,
 Sate weeping by his side?
 There how voluptuously did SORROW reign?
 She, with officious pious love,
 Lay ling'ring; like the plaintive dove
 Kind moaning o'er its wounded mate:
 Whole nights her gentle arms unweary'd spread,
 To make a tender pillow for his head,
 And fondly strove "*to charm away the sense of pain.*"
 But, ah! inexorable DEATH
 Exhal'd his royal breath;
 And, though a world laments him, yet he dy'd.

XVIII.

So where proud LIBANUS invades the skies,
 Does the tall cedar eminently rise:

From

* *Antonius Musa*, a celebrated *Greek* physician, preserved the life of *Augustus Cæsar*, by cooling potations, from the rage of a dangerous indisposition; for which his statue was erected opposite to that of *Æsculapius*.

From its fair branches balmy odours spread,
 That with ambrosia load the SYRIAN gale ;
 From its high ayrie eagles heav'n assail,
 And the young ibex wantons round its shade.
 Long had it flourish'd in its graceful state,
 The rude winds scorn'd, and each SIDONIAN blast
 That with tempestuous fury past,
 Securely fix'd in its firm-settled weight :
 But by a sudden whirlwind smote,
 It shivers to the root,
 And down the precipice is headlong cast.

XIX.

Drooping beneath an ozier'd eyot of THAME,
 Some prescient swan, with elegiac woe,
 Sang her melodious dirge ; while the charm'd stream
 Did with a correspondent deepen'd murmur flow.
 But where MUSÆUS drew his latest breath,
 And the cool waters slowly lave
 His min'ral-gemm'd ÆGERIAN cave,
 Our BRITISH HOMER, from the shades of death,
 Ascended ; with the wan-cheek'd train
 Of bards who rov'd ELYSIUM's plain :
 MILTON bore his noble lyre ;
 WALLER held his LYDIAN lute ;
 COWLEY breath'd PINDARIC fire ;
 THOMSON had his rural flute ;
 Each brow incircled with a myrtle wreath.
 They with ethereal pressure, on the gale
 New-sprung, past solemn o'er the flood :
 O'er KEW's embow'ring glade they sail,
 And rang'd within the royal garden stood :

His golden harp was strung,
And, plaintive, thus MUSEUS sung,

XX.

- “ Ye FAWNS, ye WOOD-NYMPHS, hither bring
 “ Each fairer emblem of the blooming year :
 “ Haste, and convey them to the royal bier,
 “ Where BRITAIN’S glory withers : for the SPRING
 “ Shall now in vain, on ZEPHYR’S wing,
 “ Mildly descend ; or, with its genial dew,
 “ The verdure of the meads renew :
 “ Bright SUMMER robe in vain the forest green :
 “ In vain shall the autumnal ray !
 “ On rich nectarean fruitage golden streaks display :
 “ While cheerless WINTER frowns on this fair sylvan
 scene.
 “ Haste, DAPHNE, from yon sweet secluded shade ;
 “ We come not here thy laurel to invade :
 “ DAPHNE, thou art reveng’d on PHOEBUS now ;
 “ Thy branches shall no more invest his brow :
 “ Great FREDERIC is dead ;
 “ The MUSES chaplets fade ;
 “ Then, DAPHNE, wither up each sacred bough.
 “ Ye blooming hedges, trees, and groves,
 “ No more your royal planter loves
 “ Around your green-turf soil ;
 “ Where, with enamour’d toil,
 “ He nurtur’d your increasing race ;
 “ And, like LAERTES*, lov’d the well-known place
 “ Now sicken and decay ;
 “ Hang your sad heads, and pine away.
- “ The

* *Laertes*, the father of *Ulysses*, is represented, in the *Odyssey*, not only to be fond of planting, but of dunging his own lands.

- " The gold-finch, lark, and thrush,
 " All their thrilling music hush :
 " Ye blackbirds cease your shriller notes ;
 " Ye linnets stop your mellow throats :
 " And thou, night-warbling PHILOMEL,
 " No more of thy incestuous TEREUS tell ;
 " But leave thy sister † PROGNE here,
 " With the dark hern, to twitter round the air ;
 " Let them the sea-born halcyon bring ;
 " Let the lone turtle too be there ;
 " With these, two inauspicious crows shall sing :
 " Such unharmonious sounds should now be spread ;
 " For royal FREDERIC is dead.

He paus'd ; and, with united strain refin'd,
 His mute associates thus the solemn chorus join'd :

- " Ye saints, ye angels, all your viols string ;
 " With heav'nly anthems greet him to the sky :
 " MUSIC, thou queen of souls, his requiem sing ;
 " Oh ! never let his glorious virtues die :
 " When BRUTUS perish'd, ROME's last hero bled ;
 " With BRITAIN's prince, each BRITISH worth is
 dead."

They ended ; and, to heaven up-born,
 Sail'd on the purple bosom of the morn.

XXI.

Why stare the populace with haggard eyes ?
 Why wring their hands in anguish to the skies ?
 Why creeps a chilling damp through ev'ry breast ?
 This, this is grief, in silent eloquence confess !

PARTIES

† *Tzetzes* the scholiast, in his commentation on *Hesiod*, tells us, that in the *Grecian* augury, a swallow, the dark-coloured hern, the king-fisher, a single turtle, and two crows, were inauspicious omens.

PARTIES, and SECTS, are now agreed ;
 Ev'n FACTION droops her GORGON head ;
 All are with venerable woe oppress'd.
 So when the last loud trumpet bids the GRAVE
 Deliver up its long imprison'd dead ;
 Such consternation each pale ghost shall have ;
 An equal horror, and an equal dread.
 What are the copious tears all NATURE streams,
 Oh ! great AUGUSTA, if compar'd to thine ?
 How, like a sickly moon, thy beauty gleams
 Through the torn tresses, that no more entwine
 Their golden ringlets on thy swan-hu'd neck ?
 Grief has suck'd all the roses of thy cheek,
 And from thy eyes dry'd up the chrystal dew-divine.
 Thy little weeping train,
 Augment thy widow'd pain :
 Each orphan fondly clinging round thy knee,
 Increases thy maternal misery.
 Oh ! ROYAL MOURNER, thy connubial love,
 Conspicuous as the solar ray
 Illuming the dark face of day,
 Whole years of former tender pleasures prove.
 To try thy latent virtues, this great storm,
 Perhaps, ALL-GRACIOUS HEAV'N has rais'd :
 Then let not GRIEF's abundant tide deform
 The brow of FORTITUDE ; where VIRTUE, gaz'd
 Upon, shall sad AFFLICTION chase away,
 And, like the tortur'd gold, produce its bright assay.
 Do not in perseverent sorrows flow ;
 Oh ! turn thee from the melancholy tomb :
 Behold thy GEORGE, like young ASCANIUS, bloom.
 He shall dispel the sable train of woe ;
 And, MOURNING PRINCESS ! dissipate a mother's gloom.
Hark

XXII.

Hark the deep-sounding bell,
 How dismally it tolls the knell!
 As the slow procession goes
 Through the monumental rows,
 Where BRITAIN'S monarchs, heroes, bards, and sages
 sleep,
 Do not their very statues weep?
 And, as the pealing organ blows,
 Does not the cloister'd pile
 Bear a long groan through every isle,
 While the full choir their solemn anthem keep?
 Ye royal, noble, venerable shades,
 To your dim religious glades
 A more lamented prince was never borne;
 A more illustrious man did BRITAIN never mourn.

XXIII.

For other princes each EUROPEAN court
 A formal shew of unfelt fable bears;
 But now dull LIBITINA * shall each clime resort;
 Each sov'reign now a real sorrow wears:
 Oh! had he liv'd each SCIENCE † to refine,
 Then bashful merit, in her secret shade,
 No longer slighted should indignant pine;
 No longer, for a patron, be dismay'd
 From struggling at her glorious toil,
 Carv'd on the bust, or blended in the oil:

WORLIDGE, 3

* The goddess of funerals.

† Alluding to the academy of *sculpture* and *painting*, intended to have been erected by his royal Highness.

WORLIDGE, * thy pencil had his bounty won ;
 Through him thy genius had conspicuous shone :
 In him another ANJOU † should we see,
 Another CIMABOS reviv'd in thee,

XXIV.

Here let these meanly-chaunted numbers end,
 But do thou, courtly GALLUS, string the lyre
 To those harmonious strains,
 That eccho'd round thy patrimonial plains,
 When thy dear LUCY did to heav'n ascend :
 In thy expressive verse,
 Thy monarch's woes rehearse ;
 Resume the song, and round thy prince's urn entwine
 Wreathes incorruptive, warble lays divine.
 For though the sweet PIERIAN train are fled,
 Yet to thy call the virgins will repair :
 For thee, while breathing HELICONIAN air,
 A new-pluck'd laurel § gracefully they spread ;

To

* An ingenious painter over the little piazza in *Covent-Garden* ; who has attracted the observation and respect of many judicious foreigners, but, to their amazement, is a shameful example of neglected worth among his own countrymen, whose encouragement of eminent artists formerly ennobled the distinguished families of *Britain*.

† *Charles d' Anjou*, king of *Naples*, who reigned in the year 1236, was an eminent patron to ingenious artists ; and whose protection of painting, in the honour he did *Cimabos*, the celebrated *Florentine*, was the principal means of the revival of this art, after its declension under the reign of the emperor *Commodus*, and its subversion under the dominion of the *Goths* in *Italy*.

§ Alluding to the beginning of the *Theogony* of *Hesiod*, where the poet feigns his inspiration from the laurel ensign, which had been presented to him by the *Muses*.

To thee, as erst on HESIOD they bestow'd,
 They bring this present from their tuneful god.
 But if this cannot on thy modest soul prevail,
 Know that APOLLO has decreed
 The pipe of * great MUSÆUS for thy rightful meed;
 On which, soft-sweeping, shall thy skilful hand,
 So does the god command,
 Pour out, to FRED'RIC'S name, the most impassion'd
 tale.

* In imitation of the sixth pastoral of *Virgil*, where *Linus* addresses *Gallus*, in the presence of the *Muses*, with

———*hos tibi dant calamos, en, accipe, musæ,*
Ascræo quos antè Seni.———

T H E E N D.



